

# Torrance Herald

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## Not Bricks but Service

Programs administered by the YMCA in its many branches throughout the nation have much to commend them. Uppermost in the minds of those charged with providing a program has been the need to offer guideposts in the development of the young people of the community into useful citizens.

The Torrance YMCA is an excellent example of the dedication of the YMCA to its goal.

Without the brick and mortar which would be considered necessary by those with less dedication, the Torrance YMCA has developed an ambitious program in a tin shed which would be considered unfit for cattle on many dairy farms.

Despite the almost total lack of facilities, the Torrance YMCA has served thousands of Torrance boys and girls during the past year, and tens of thousands during the past decade.

The Torrance YMCA has one of the most active camping programs of any comparable branch in the Southland, and its other programs serving the needs of the city's young population—from the small fry to the teenager—are as comprehensive as the financial support will permit.

There are no frills in the local YMCA program—just service.

Much of the credit, of course, must go to Joe Wilcox, who has headed up the program here for the past half-dozen years.

Many of Joe's friends accuse him of having a heart in the shape of the YMCA triangle—and it could be a fact. Without such dedication, it would be difficult to imagine the development of such an extensive program on a subsistence budget.

In the last analysis, it is the spirit of the boy, not the assessed valuation of the facilities which has become the valuable property of the Torrance YMCA.

When the YMCA begins its annual support campaign, the HERALD can urge, without reserve, that the residents of the Torrance area back the program with money. "Y-Bucks" made available in Torrance are for Torrance programs. It's one of the soundest investments we can make.

## Opinions of Others

For a nation to remain free, its people must take the responsibility to keep that God-given freedom. What are you going to do about it? If you think you are too busy, remember Hungary, Tibet, and Poland. Rearrange your schedule to fulfill your responsibility for the preservation of freedom. It is your life you want to save as well as that of your loved ones and your country. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. — *Churubusco (Ind.) Tri-County Truth.*

Talking about the transportation of the nation, there are some who suggest the socialization of the entire transportation industry: trains, trucks, aircraft, boats, buses, or what have you. That would really be fun! fun! fun!

No government has yet made a success of anything it has stuck its nose into, including the utilities, transportation, mail service, or any other service. Maybe it's a reactionary spirit, but we're still for less and less government and more and more private business. — *Random, Lake (Wisc.) Times.*

## Out of the Past

From the Pages of the HERALD

### 30 Years Ago

It takes time, boys and girls, for a message to reach Santa Claus and back from the North Pole and that may be the reason why no date has been set for the annual municipal Christmas celebration.

But the local firemen's association, which does all the heavy work in these Yuletide observances, is going right ahead with its plans for the entertainment of all children in this community. The firemen say they are going to provide the best Christmas ever.

Led by Jordan High School's Marine League representative, a slashing attack on Narbonne High School's asserted unnecessary roughness in football play this season was delivered at the

league meeting last Thursday afternoon at Gardena.

No Christmas trees were available for distribution from Southern California's national forest lands, according to William V. Mendenhall, supervisor of Angeles National Forest. There were plenty of green trees for those who wished to visit the forest and see them in their natural habitat, but the need for watershed protection was so great that nary a tree, however small, could be spared.

One of the most brilliant social events of the season was a dinner dance given by the Triple-T dancing club at Pacific Coast Club in Long Beach Wednesday. The members and guests sat down at a horseshoe-shaped table

## Morning Report:

We will be walking on the moon any year now, but the U. S. Post Office Department is still fussing with the problem of biting dogs. Postmaster General Edward Day says he has launched a "training program for postmasters and supervisors."

I submit that his program is aimed at the wrong people. Dogs don't bite postmasters. They bite mailmen. As a former mailman, I solved the problem without a seminar. A rolled-up Saturday Evening Post—thick with ads—was all that I needed. One swat across the nose and every dog on my route became my firm friend or, at worst, a true neutral.

Abe Mellinkoff

## The Worst We Said of Stalin-



## Public Power Proponents Split on Bonneville Plan

By JAMES DORAIS

The great dream of dedicated advocates of nationalization of the country's electric power supplies is to place investor-owned power companies at a further competitive disadvantage with tax-subsidized public power projects by building a nationwide power grid through a system of interconnecting transmission lines.

The Kennedy administration is on record as approving this great leap forward to socialism. The President himself directed the Secretary of the Interior "to develop plans for the early interconnection of areas served by that department's marketing agencies with adequate common carrier transmission lines."

One of the first plans to implement the new policy envisions construction of multi-million dollar high voltage "inter-tie" which would bring power from the Northwest's Bonneville Power Administration to the City of Los Angeles Water and Power Department.

Currently, an Interior Department task force is completing a study of the proposal. Surprisingly it is encountering considerable opposition among public power people.

One reason for the opposition is that the Northwest is not anxious to have its power siphoned off for the benefit of California. True, the power is supposed to be "surplus," produced at times of the year when it is not needed in Oregon and Washington, and a bill drafted by the task force would make it possible to cut off power sales outside of the Bonneville region on seven days notice.

But many Northwest public power officials fear that once California users began to depend on the power, attempts to discontinue its use would be fought by court injunctions and litigation.

Another reason for unhappiness among the public power people is that the Interior Department proposes to protect Northwest power users by establishing a new principle of "regional preference," which means that all

regional users of Bonneville power, both public agencies and private companies, would have first claims on the power— ahead of public agencies in California.

This new principle runs afoul of the traditional public power concept of preference for all public agencies.

If public agency preference is breached in the case of the proposed Northwest-California inter-tie in favor of regional preference, many public power advocates fear establishment of a precedent hurtful to their cause.

The arguments are of concern to all the nation's taxpayers, who have invested more than one and a half billion dollars in Northwest public power projects. Currently, Bonneville Power Administration is losing about \$15 million a year on its operations.

Something, obviously, has to be done, but rather than investing more millions to make it possible to sell Bonneville power outside the Northwest, some public power spokesmen are even making the heretical proposal that Bonneville raise its rates.

William Hogan

## Chronicling a Chilling Century at San Quentin

Kenneth Lamott, the writer, has dug deep into the annals of California penology for his "biography" of a prison, "Chronicles of San Quentin."

This is a literate, revealing and anecdotal history that reaches back a century to the April day in 1851 when the brig Wabau, with five prisoners aboard, dropped anchor off Angel Island to become the first official prison of the new State of California. A more permanent site for a house of correction was established at Point San Quentin in 1854. This apparently wasn't much better; visitors complained that they couldn't tell the convicts from the guards.

There is no question about this being the best written story of San Quentin available. A former teacher at San Quentin whose accounts of his activity have appeared from time to time in "The New Yorker," Lamott scrupulously avoids the pitfalls of prison stories that have become tiresome clichés.

These include sensationalism; the soggy "as-told-to" atmosphere of memoirs by former wardens; the gee-whiz magazine nonsense that over the years has dulled prison stories from San Quentin to Ossining and back.

Lamott is a writer and historian. And although his accounts of tortures, floggings, scandals, greed, sex, brutality, alcohol, corruption, reform and counter-reform over the decades is essentially a depressing tale, he presents it with vigor, honesty and, indeed, with considerable humor.

Some of this humor is macabre, especially in episodes from the era when women were housed at San Quentin; some are bizarre, as when a stunt airplane cameraman in the early days of the movies, was suspected of aerial dope running.

Among the most interesting accounts of famous prisoners is Lamott's report on Theodore Durrant, the young San Francisco killer of "the girl in the belfry." If you think newspapers had a field day over the Chessman execution, note the journalistic bacchanal connected with Durrant's appointment with the hangman.

The fact that "Chronicles of San Quentin" emerges a chilling and ugly document is no fault of the author's. It is probably the fault of the curious and so often indifferent

society that makes the San Quentins of the world necessary. Lamott puts it this way:

"The central fact about San Quentin and, for that matter, about any other prison and reformatory in the country is that we have run out of any really useful ideas

bearing on the treatment of criminals. If we can ever summon up the courage to admit the bankruptcy that hides behind the fine, self-deceiving words, perhaps things will be better sometime in the future."

"Chronicles of San Quentin" by Kenneth Lamott. David McKay Co. 270 pp., \$4.95.

Around the World With



## DELAPLANE

"... but my friends tell me a woman traveling alone in Japan will simply be ignored and will not have a good time."

I have an idea that this would be true. I think a woman traveling alone would do better on a tour—all travel agents have them at various prices.

Japan is one of the best of countries. But it is not set up socially for the woman traveling alone. The language problem is very difficult, too.

I'd say you would wind up shopping the Ginza daytimes and having all your meals in the grill room of the Imperial. Pretty dull.

"... if you recommend these all-expense airline ski tours for two working girls?"

I certainly would. This is probably the most inexpensive way to go to Europe—particularly those 17-day excursion things.

The ski resorts are loaded with unattached young men of all nationalities. Prices are geared low and there is a lot of social action in every restaurant and tavern.

Most people sit in the taverns at night with one glass of local wine—a 15-cent expense for music, dancing, and snow-blown scenery outside the door. (TWA, Pan American, Swissair, Air France, Lufthansa, KLM, SAS should have these tours. Shop around.)

"... whether to buy a heavy woman's coat here or wait until we get to Europe? We stop at Shannon Airport by the way..."

Pretty hard to go through New York without a heavy coat. However, prices on fine, heavy tweed will be lower at Shannon—the choice would be better if you went up to Dublin.

If you are going into London, there are excellent coats at very good prices. Aquascutum and Burberry (both near Piccadilly Circus) specialize in coats.

Simpson-in-Piccadilly is a great store. So is Selfridges and several others. All within a few blocks. You can walk it without freezing.

Otherwise buy in the U.S. Paris is expensive. Madrid and Lisbon are inexpensive. But they lack style unless you look for certain shops.

Zurich is supposed to have good fashion houses now. But I don't know them. German clothing doesn't have much flair. Rome is pretty specialized in extremes.

"We were looking for a warm place in Mexico. Acapulco on the West Coast or Vera Cruz on the Atlantic?"

Both are warm enough—about 70-75 degrees. Both get some rain. Vera Cruz is apt to get "nortes," a warm but hard wind that can go on blowing for days.

I'd go down 300 miles south to inland Oaxaca. A warm, tropical town under arches. If you need the swimming, there are pools at some hotels. Or a beach at Salina Cruz farther south.

Anything above 3,000 feet is cold in the Mexican winter.

Stan Delaplane finds it impossible to answer all of his travel mail.

For his intimate tips on Japan, Italy, England, France, Russia, Hawaii, Mexico, Ireland and Spain (10 cents each), send coins and stamped, self-addressed, large envelope to Chronicle Features, 821 Market St., San Francisco.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By FRED NEHEP



"I'm not through looking this stuff over yet!"

## Singapore is Talking About

# The Scooter Maniacs

Until a few years ago the status symbols most coveted by Singapore's young people were American-made fountain pens and British bicycles.

But now teen-agers here are switching their priorities to Italian motor scooters and Japanese transistor radios. And this week, in a clash of symbols, the radio owners were complaining about the scooter riders.

Their elders were criticizing both, longing for the quiet pen-and-bicycle days, and debating which new noise is the most nerve wracking—the inescapable Babel from portable radios or the high-pitched snarl of speeding scooters.

One angry citizen writing in his local newspaper gave a package answer: "The noisiest menace is the scooter rider who roars along with a radio blaring from his pocket." In general, though, radio fans, especially those with sensitive transistor sets (60,000 so lthere this year), are too mad at scooters to ride them. For the push-button starters play havoc with the Hit Parade.

"Scooters' ignition systems radiate moderate to severe radio interference," says a deadpan government warning this week that scooter dealers must, in the future, fit suppressors before they sell.

Dealers are hurrying to conform for they are anxious not to spoil a sale boom (10,000 scooters this year) which can, literally, be heard accelerating every day.

Dealers are also trying to get on the profitable side of public opinion with campaigns to make the cheeky, speedy scooter more acceptable—even respectable—in the eyes of other highway users. They present trophies for "the most courteous rider of the month!" and organize scooter clubs—one has its own weekly magazine and repair shop.

But for the moment they have an uphill task. The city's 65,000 motorists are locked in a daily battle of wits and nerves with 25,000 scooter riders, from learners who wobble in the middle of the highway to reckless experts who dart in and out of traffic lanes.

"These scooter maniacs! Why not pass a law forbidding anyone under 25 from using these machines?"

that the police this week warned promoters they risk jail.

At the same time gamblers in general got a warning from the case of a school mistress who claimed she was fleeced after drinking "charmed tea" at mahjong game.

The fish fights usually take place on Sunday mornings in coffee shops. These cheap cafes along the sidewalks of Chinatown are the working men's clubs where the only entrance fee is the price of a cup of coffee.

Chess and card players spend many weekend hours at the rickety tables, diverted, sometimes, by the warning of songbirds brought along in miniature cages by their owners for an impromptu singing match.

But the customers in the backroom are often engaged in less respectable pastimes such as wagering with illegal bookies on the day's races, or matching fighting fish. Often these bloody contests last for an hour, for the multi-colored Siamese varieties used are as fierce as they are beautiful. Police first heard of this new craze when they were called to break up brawls sparked by arguments among the excited gamblers. Now they are warning cafe owners who organize fish fights that they must stop—or face a \$33.00 fine for cruelty to animals.